



MARTIN & KENDRICK,

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO A-HEAD."—Crockett.

Proprietors.

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MISCELLANEOUS:

"War's Yure Hoss?"

A New Orleans correspondent of the "Spirit" furnishes the "Delta" with the following amusing story. It "e'en-amot" put our nose out of joint.

Some years since, when the State of Missouri was considered Far West there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer, who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerable pretty pile of castings: owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and inyuns, but rite smart of corn. This farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper further south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his oldest son with a good horse, and a sufficiency of the needful to defray his travelling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and to return immediately home. The next day Jeems started for Arkansas, and after an absence of six weeks returns home.

"Well Jeems," said the old man, "How'd you find land in Arkansas?" "Tolerable cheap Dad."

"You didn't buy more than tu hundred acres did you Jeems?"

"No Dad, not over tu hundred, I reckon."

"How much money have you got left?"

"Nary red, Dad, cleaned rite out."

"Why, I had no idee travelin was spensive in them parts, Jeems."

"Wall jest yu try it wonst, and yule find-out, I reckon."

"Wall never mind that, let's here about the land, and—but, Wars yure Hoss?"

"Yu hold on, Dad, and I'll tell you all 'bout it. Yu see I was going along one day, an I met a feller as said he was going my way tew—"

"But War's yure hoss?"

"Dod darn mi hide, ef yu don't shet up, Dad, I'll never git tu the hoss. Wall, as we was both goin the same way, me and this fellow jined company, and 'bout noon we litched our critters, and I set down aside uv a branch, and went to eatin a snack."

"Arter we'd got thru, this feller sez tu me, 'Try a drap uv this ere red-eye, stranger?'"

"Wall I don't mine, sez I—"

"But, War's yure hoss?"

"Kummin tu him bime by, Dad! go me an this feller sot thar, sorter torkin, and then he sez, 'Stranger, let's play a liddle game of Seven-up, a tukin out uv his poket a greasy, round cornered deck uv kards. Don't keer ef I duz, sez I. So we set up side of the stump, an commenced to bet a quarter up, and I was 'slaying him awful!'"

"But, War's yure hoss?"

"Kummin tu him, Dad! Bime-by, luck changed, an he got tu winnin, and pretty sune. I hadn't nary nuther dollar. Then, sez he, 'Stranger, I'll gin yu a chance to get even, an play yu one more game.' Wall we both plaid rite tite that game, I swore, an we was both six and six, and—"

"War's yure hoss?"

"Kummin tu him, Dad! We was six and six, and 'twas his deal—"

"Will yu tell me War's yure hoss?"

"said the old man, gettin riled."

"Yes, we was six and six, and I do turned the jack."

"War's yure hoss?"

"The stranger won him a-turning that jack!"

LITTLE UN.

The Bible.

How come it that this little volume composed by humble men, in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a christian home—and caused its mere triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expan-

sive to spring as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and wave of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement, has operated so long and yet lost none of its virtual? Since it appeared many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen—run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God.

Punch on Protection.

The following, tho intended a satiric burlesque, is so neat an expose of the intrinsic justice and practical expediency of the "Protective Policy," that we give it at length:

Equal Protection—A dialogue between the dukes, the dupes, and the doubtfuls.

1st Duke—Gentlemen, the object of this meeting is to give equal protection to commerce, industry, and agriculture. The first thing to be done is to restore the corn laws.

2d Duke—Free trade is ruining the country. We have had a revolution in every country in Europe since the corn laws were repealed.

We have had the potato rot and Irish famine, since the corn laws were repealed. We have had short Cotton crops since the corn laws were repealed. We have had the railway mania and the panic since the corn laws were repealed. Therefore it is clear that free trade is ruining the country.

3d Duke—Mr. noble friend proved that free trade is ruining the country, I call upon you, gentlemen, to form a league for protecting everybody and everything against every body and everything. First you must restore the corn laws, to protect the—

1st Tenant Farmer—Huzzal I'll thank you to protect me against John Stooks in next parish. His land's twice as good as mine, and his poor rates only half ours. I want a protective duty of ten shillings a quarter, or I can never compete with John Stooks. Enter me for ten shillings duty.

2d Tenant Farmer—I shall want sixteen shillin' a quarter, for there's t' parson o' next parish to ourn, he've set 'em all o' deep drainin' and a gunnorin', and a copperlittin', and a gettin' twice out o' the ground what we be gettin', and I can't grow agin 'em at less nor sixteen shillin'.

So book me for sixteen shillin' my lord.

3d Tenant Farmer—Aw've never na market within a half-score mile o' me, and there's Simon Trapstone have only a mile to carry to my ten, and so I don't think six shillin' onreasonable agin Simon Trapstone.

1st Doubtful—Hilloa, measter! I do bdy my corn o' you, and I aren't a going to pay six shillin' a quarter more for all the Simon Trapstone in Essex.

1st Shremaker—I can't make shoes against Thomas Lapstone under a shilling a pair protection. Tom don't go to the public house, and works over hours. He's raining me. He ain't taxed as I am, paying sixpence a day to government, excise duty for spirits consumed on the premises. So put 'em down at a shillin' a pair extra.

1st Tenant Farmer—Stop there, Tom made these here top-boots for me. You don't think I'm a goin' to pay yeen twenty-seven shillin' a pair when I can get 'em of Lapstone for twenty six?

2d Duke—My worthy friend—you are protected. We go for equal protection.

1st Doubtful—Please, my lord duke, what is equal protection.

2d Duke—Equal protection, my excellent friend, is this: I give Peter a shilling protection against Paul, and Paul a shilling protection against Peter. Thus I benefit both Peter and Paul to the extent of a shilling.

2d Doubtful—Stop I dont see that.

3d Duke—How, my intelligent friend? Thus, A gives B a shilling—

2d Doubtful—I'll be B, give me a shilling—

3d Duke—There (gives him a shilling) now, B gives A a shilling—

2d Doubtful—Darned if B do, I've got un, and I'll keep un. I's a landlord, my Lod Dook, and this here shilling's the protective duty on wheat. (Grins and exit.)

3d Duke—Impertinent scoundell! Yes, my friends, everybody ought to be protected against everybody—What follows? Why, the shoemaker may pay an extra shilling for his loaf, but will not have the power to lay an extra sixpence on every shoe he sells? The tailor may find a penny a pound rise on mutton, but will he not enjoy his proud privilege of clapping a penny a yard protective duty on every pair of unmentionables he manufacture? In short, every interest being enriched at the expense of every other interest, it is clear that great general good will be the result. Gentleman, what makes the greatness of England? Gentlemen it is generally admitted to be a bold pensity, their country's pride and our wooden wolls! Gentleman, two and two make five, and not four, as your economists (loud laughter) would have you believe; and the cause of the Goodwin Sands is well known; what is the cause, gentlemen? Why, Tenderen stepple. (Immense cheering.) Then let us get rid of that cursed Free Trade, which is our Tenderen stepple. (Terrific cheering by the Dupes. The Doubtful shake their hands. Meeting brake up in utter confusion of ideas, great enthusiasm and profound conviction, except as excepted.)

A Washinton correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper contends, that sometimes (rarely) President Taylor undertakes to decide on appointment but admits, as the general rule, that he either transfers them to his Secretary, or, when the higher officers are to be decided on, the majority "decide or advise, and the President acquiesces—that this is nothing less than a vote." And he states, the reason to be this—that being "unacquainted with affairs of state, he from necessity, must confide to others duties which former Presidents performed themselves." This is, indeed, giving up the whole question that the cabinet is the President—and that a cabal controls the administration. Let those who brought the country to this predicament, and appointed a man who is totally unacquainted with the affairs of state, and therefore is a nose of wax in the hands of a cabal, be held responsible to the people for this gross abuse of the Executive power—this flagrant departure from the examples of the earlier President.—Union.

Crowds of emigrants are going out to the new Territory. The Hotel at St. Paul's is said to be full to overflowing. Eleven young ladies have been sent out by the Board of National Popular Education, for the purpose of establishing schools there.

An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold.

Ah, my lord, said the good father, you now have delivered a soul.

The count threw upon the plate another piece.

Here is another soul delivered said the priest.

Yes, my lord, replied the priest, I am certain they are now in heaven.

Then, said the count, I'll take back my money for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing that the souls have already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory.

POETRY.

On the death of ex-President Polk:

BY JOHN RPEASE.

The eagle has stooped from his airy on high,
A star has gone out from the path in the sky;
A Statesman has fallen in the blaze of renown,
His brow all encircled with Fame's laurel crown.

Then hallow his grave lay him down in his rest
Where Memory shall wait the turf on his breast,
And the soft winds of summer sigh o'er his repose

In his own Tennessee, where the Cumberland flows.

His name is enrolled with ead mighty name
That Glory or Country she hand down to fame,

Interwoven in the annals of the brave and the free,
To echo forever from sea to shore.

His career was all finished, his laurels were won
When the race of the foreman is scarcely begun;
And the finger of Glory shall point to his name
As the greatest in years, but no equal in fame.

While red Burns Vesta loomed in the fight,
Like a meteor's blaze in the darkness of night;
While the gates of the mountain their secrets unfold,
While California o'erflows with rivers of gold;

While the sweet name of Freedom's our glory and pride;
While the brand wars of Empire rolls up like a tide,

While new States, like new stars on the horizon shall shine,

What name shall be brighter emblazoned than thine!

Then hallow his grave—lay him down in his rest,
Where memory shall water the turf on his breast,
And the soft winds of summer sigh o'er his repose.

In his own Tennessee, where the Cumberland flows.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 20, 1849.

A Ray of Astronomy.

"Cesar," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "which do you think is de more useful of de comments—de sun or de moon?"

"Well, Clem, I don't think I should be able to answer dat question, 'seem' as how I neber had much book larnin'."

"Well, Cesar, I speck de moon or ter take de fust rank in dat particular."

"Why so, nigger?"

"Because de moon shines in de night when we need de light, and de sun shines in de day time when de light am ob no consequence."

"Well, Clem, you is de most larned darkey I ever seed; I guess you used to sweep out a school-house for a libin'."

ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.—A distressing accident, is stated to have occurred at the Falls of Niagara, a few days ago, in consequence of three men attempting to cross the river in a skiff.

As they neared the middle of the river, the current which at present is unusually rapid in consequence of the projection of the coffer dams on either side, speedily overpowered their efforts to resist it and rising, as if to view the inevitable death before them, they were swept, stern on into the rapids. Their boat, tossing from one rock to another in a few moments was seen to capsize; the men rose, clinging to the gunwales, and were hurried on, until an opposing rock dashed the boat into fragments. Two disappeared at once; the other was seen erect, the water to his knees but in a moment after he was hurled down and seen no more.

The Lord's Prayer is the most diffused production in the world, being familiar to persons of fifty-three different languages, including the Cherokee in America, and the Gerbo on the coast of Africa. Its solitary effects upon mankind has done more to civilize than all other writings put together, because it is the essence of all.

Chase by a Locomotive.

The following is a "Hoosier's" description of his first sight of a locomotive, and his adventures consequent thereon:

"I came across through the country and struck your railroad, and was playing it at about four knots an hour. Now, I heard tell about locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but about two miles from here I heard something coming, coughing, sneezing and thundering, and I looked around. Sure enough, there she comes down after me, pawing the air up, and spitting the air wide open, with more smoke and fire flying than orto come out of a hundred burning mountains.

There was a dozen wagons jollerin arter her, and to save her ternal black smoky noisy neck, she couldn't get clear of them. I don't know whether they scares her up or no, but here she comes foaming at the mouth, with her teeth full of burning red coals and she pitched right straight at me like a thousand of brick. I could n't stand it any longer, so I wheeled round and broke down the road, and began to make gravel fly in every direction; no sooner had I done that than she split right after me; and every jump I made she squealed like a thousand wild-cats, she began to gain on me comin' up a little hill, but we come round a pint to a straight level on the road. Now, thinks I, I'll gin you gigger, as I'm great on a dead level; so I pulled to it and got under full speed, and then she began to yelp and cough and stamp, and come on full chisel and made the hull aith shake. But I kept on before bounding—the rate of twenty feet at every steps, till I got at a turn in the road, and I was under such headway, that I couldn't turn, so I turned head over heels down a bank by a house, landed cosmollick into a swill barrel, and my feet stuck up in the air. Just at the time the locomotive found that I had got away from it, it commenced spitting hot water into me; I thought in my soul that Mount Vesuvius had busted in some place in the neighborhood—

But do you suppose I staid there long! No sir, I just walked right through that barrel, and come out so quick that it really looked ashamed of itself. Now here I am, a real double revlyng locomotive, Snolly Glosier, ready to attack anything but a combination of thunder and lightning, smoke, railroad iron, and hot water."

Parting between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Polk.

The Louisville Democrat, in announcing the death of Mr. Polk, relates the following incident:

"We shall always recollect the farewell between Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, when the latter was about to leave for Washington in the winter of 1845. The old hero then counselled his friend, and bid him a last adieu. He raised his wasted form erect, and seizing James K. Polk by the hand, said:—'Farewell, my friend; I shall never see you again in this world. Do your duty like a man, and we shall meet in heaven.' They have gone hence. May they hold sweet communion in the world of spirits!"

Gentle Woman.

The great traveller, John Ledyard, has paid to woman one of the most noble tributes ever uttered. "I have observed that, where ever found, women are the same kind, civil, obliging humane, tender beings. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so, and their actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

(Mungo Parke, in nearly the same words, adds the same testimony to woman's kindness, that Ledyard does.

Voting in the Cabinet.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper, a Taylor paper, writing from this city under date of June 30, has the following paragraph:

Col. Gardner, the present city post master, entered the army in the same year with Gen. Taylor—in 1808. They are old acquaintances, but this was no guarantee for his continuance in office, and he has to go out of it. Mr. W. A. Bradley, his successor, it will be recollected, was nominated by Mr. Ewing for Commissioner of Public Buildings, and voted down in the cabinet. This appointment was backed up strongly by Col. Seaton, of the "National Intelligencer," it is said; and Mr. Jacob Gideon, whose son is the publisher of the "Republican," was preferred by Mr. Collamer. We all expected that Mr. Gideon would be appointed, and camps were in the hands of the other players, and people say the old organ triumphed over the new.

When the friends of Gen. Taylor state publicly that appointments are determined by vote in the cabinet, we think it is neither creditable nor honorable in the whig press to charge us with misrepresenting Gen. Taylor, when we say he has abdicated the cabinet. It is a fact, according to the showing of his own friends, and proves that he is President only in name. It is disgraceful to the country and humiliating to the pride of every American citizen.—Union.

Taylor Stae Ticket.

The following gentlemen were nominated for State offices by the Taylor Convention last Monday at Jackson.

Governor—Gen. Tho. G. Polk, of Marshall.

Sec. of State—Gen. Cornelius Mc Laurin, of Covington.

Auditor—Capt. W. P. Rogers, of Monroe.

Treasurer—Lt. A. K. Arthur, of Warren.

Atty Gen'l.—Hon. B. F. Caruthers, of Carroll.

Who want his wife?—It was intimated to us yesterday that some poor creature had been mistreating his wife. Although we are almost incredulous as regards the report, still, being aware that such a thing might by possibility occur, we have considered it our duty to mention it to the public in order that they may assist us in finding a satisfactory answer to the question.

Benton (Miss) Recorder.

Dobbs was a peace maker, and it is said of him, kind soul that in fixing up a matrimonial fracas, he got a bloody nose from the husband, a black eye from a stone thrown by the wife the little children pinched him a relation slandered him, the house dog bit him, and finally the whole pack joined in upon him, and threw him into the street. Since that time he has always had the tidgets when anybody asked "Who whipt his wife?" Thereorder treads upon treacherous ground.

A well known ex-governor, who resides in one of the most pleasant towns in this state, was a candidate for naval officer at this port, and visited Gen. Taylor early in March to state his case and advocate his application. The naval officers, it is well known, is a sort of auditor of accounts, and has nothing to do with duty on board ship. After the worthy ex-governor had made known his case to the "second Washington," the latter expressed great solicitude to serve him, and promised to do what he could, though advising the candidate to make known his case to Mr. Meredith, who had these matters in charge. The ex-governor replied by stating, that unless the general took the matter in hand himself, as his predecessors had done, there was no hope for him. The general replied kindly; and at last, as if to make a desperate effort to discourage the petitioner, he said:—

"But governor, you are an old man now. How do you think one of your years could discharge the duties of an office which will require you to be daily getting on board the vessels at the port of Philadelphia?" The governor mizzled. The anecdote is authentic.—Pennysonian.